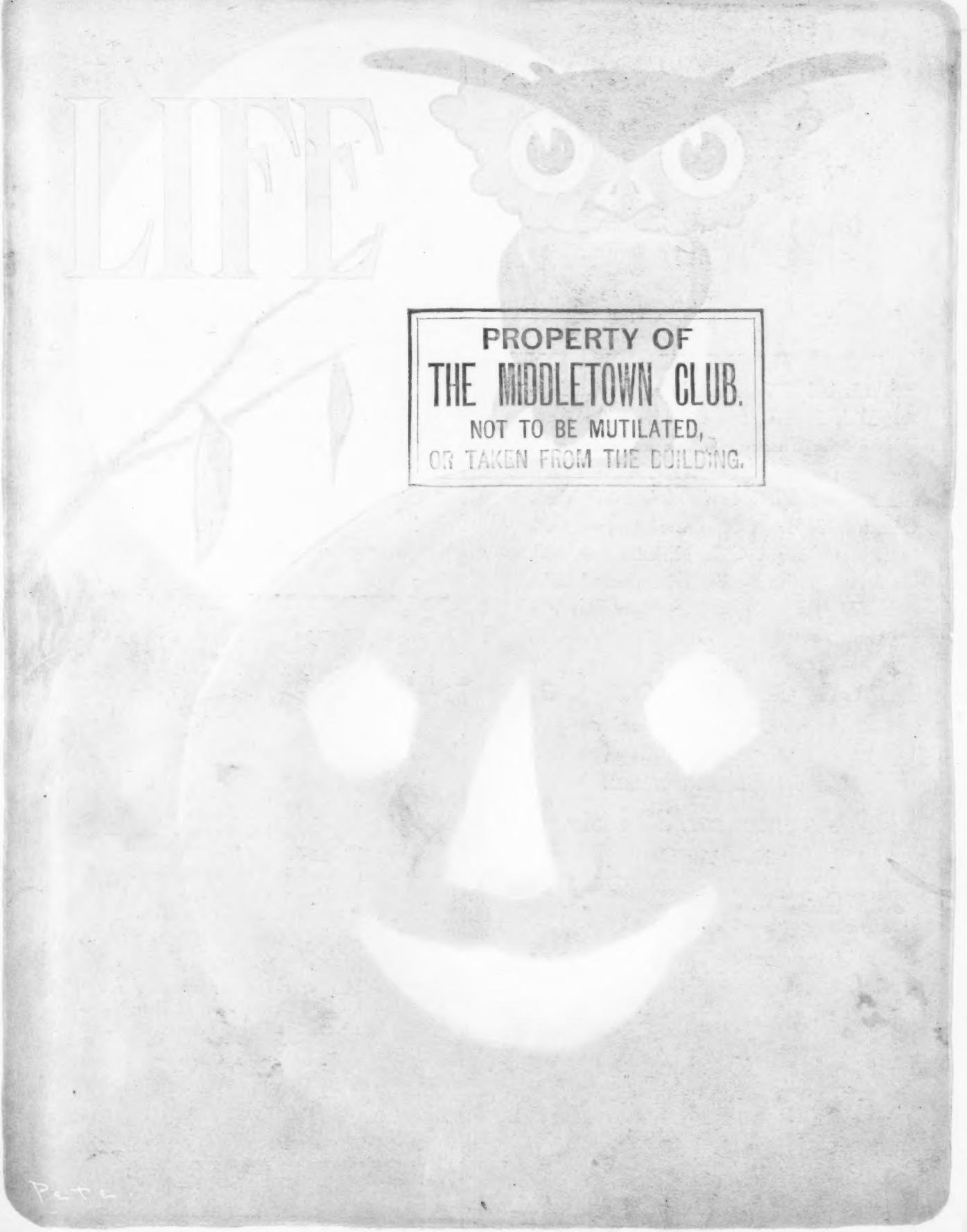


Middletown C

LIFT



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FALL and Winter months suggest Chafing-Dish Parties after the Hunt, the Auto Ride or the Theatre. ¶ We offer the most complete line of High-Grade Chafing-Dishes and Accessories to be found in New York. ¶ Chafing-Dishes of Hammered Copper, with handles of Antique Oak; Nickel Silver, with handles of Ebony; Sterling Silver, with handles of Ivory. ¶ Beautiful and Exclusive Novelties not found elsewhere.

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They say America is crude—doesn't express Art. They even tell you that its big, blundering, Creative Impulse makes nothing but bridges—world-beaters—that annoy the crocodiles of the Andes and a lot of other impossible places—and that's all we know about Art.

But, my child, things aren't as bad as they were once.

America is Getting There in Art that is Real—and as big in potentiality as all your cantilevers—and as pure and sweet and True as the most hopeless of your visions.

America is improving. It is America that has produced TECO POTTERY.

—John Bemer Crosby.

Most of the best people are writing to Mr. Gates' Teco den, 645 Chamber of Commerce, in Chicago, for the New TECO PORTFOLIO *de luxe*. Asking sufficeth.



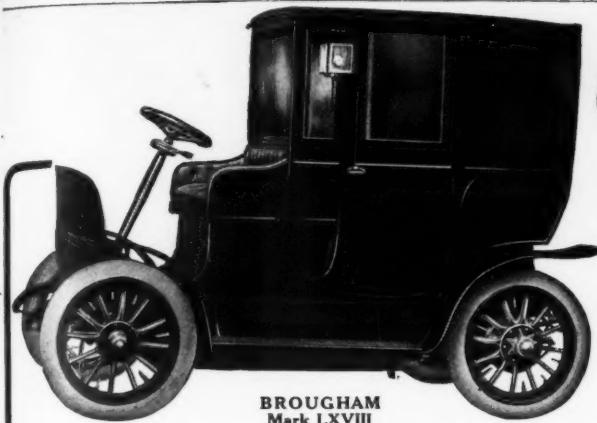
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• LIFE •



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LANDAULET
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The highest art, the most refined taste and the most expert skill combine to make Columbia Electric Carriages the standard of the world.

They have an air of distinction—a "smart style," if you will—that lifts them above the ordinary.

Noisless, without odor, free from vibration, safe and easily controlled, Columbias meet every demand of town and suburban service.

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Built by the oldest manufacturers of American electric carriages, they are the product of the ripest experience and the most

skilled workmanship, and have gained the approval of that particular public which demands the best and is satisfied with nothing less than the best.

The Columbia Electric Brougham (Mark LXVIII), illustrated above, reflects the ripest and best ideas of leading specialists in designing, engineering and carriage furnishing.

It is the most useful, substantial and luxuriously appointed of all town carriages—available for all seasons and in all weather.

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Five-speed control (from 4 to 18 miles an hour); special exide battery of unequalled capacity; Michelin pneumatic tires; improved controlling and steering device; thoroughly practical and convenient location of driver's seat and absolutely the best of everything pertaining to furnishing and appointment.

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trated above, fulfills all requirements as a carriage for general town purposes. It affords all the protection and privacy of a brougham when closed. It is an ideal pleasure vehicle for park and boulevard when open.

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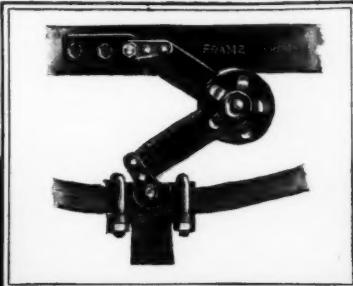
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New York Branch: 134-136-138 West 30th Street. Boston: Columbia Motor Vehicle Company, 74 Stanhope Street. Chicago Branch: 1332-1334 Michigan Avenue. Washington: Washington E. V. Transportation Co., 15th Street and Ohio Avenue.

At New York we shall exhibit only at the 7th National Automobile Show, Madison Square Garden, January 12-19, 1907



Bulter to Housekeeper: I GUESS THIS IS THE LAST TIME THE MISSUS WILL EVER GIVE A DINNER TO A MIXED PARTY. THE WOODBORES ARE EATING THE MAHOGANY SIDEBOARD, THE MOTHS ARE DINING ON THE HANGINGS, AND THE BUFFALO BUGS HAVEN'T LEFT A TURKISH RUG IN THE HOUSE.



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YOUR car
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(Four Suspensions)

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(Four Suspensions)

Your 1907 car will not be complete unless it
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Absolutely Guaranteed. Postal us for particulars

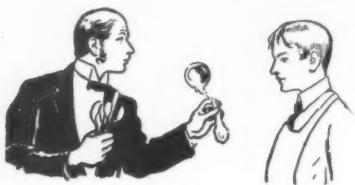
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LIFE



Speaking of shining examples.
Our house liveries are as carefully correct as our liveries for outdoor servants.

And all the little things that help the general good effect get their share of attention, from noiseless house shoes to the baize or gingham aprons worn for purposes of protection.

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258-842-1260 Broadway,
(3 Stores)
NEW YORK,
also,
F. M. ATWOOD,
CHICAGO.



DRINK
SANDERSON'S
"Mountain Dew"

in moderation and you will find that the life and force contained in it will be imparted to you. Don't take our word. Try for yourself.

Overheard at the Dorcas Club (A Polylogue)

"I THINK I shall make over my organdie. The front breadth is all right, and I think I can match it at Crowder and Pushard's."

"Why don't you put on a jabot?"

"Jabots are going out, my dear. I should advise a pleated front."

"But that Mrs. Brown always wears a pleated front. Where are the scissors?"

"Here they are, on the floor. Hand me the ninety cotton, please. Do you cut this to most advantage on the bias or plain?"

"Bias, so as to avoid the pull at the armholes. By the way, where did you get those cut-steel buttons?"

"They are off my fall dress, the brown one that I turned last year—the one they scorched at the cleaner's. I believe it's a great mistake to buy those camel's-hairs for fall. I think there's nothing like serge. Serge always stands by you, I say. And you can get perfectly lovely ones for ninety-eight cents a yard."

"How wide are they?"

"Forty-four. They cut to such good advantage. It's so easy to get the pattern out of them. I saw a lovely pattern for tucked shams in *The Lady's Own* the other day."

"What sort of a paper is *The Lady's Own*?"

"I don't know; I only buy it for the patterns. They have lovely sleeves sometimes. How do you cut this out at the neck?"

"Follow the perforations. Before you cut it, see you have left enough for the yoke. Amanda Stevens has broken her engagement."

"Has she? Isn't that awful! I always did hate these yoke-bodies. I like them fitted myself. How did it happen?"

"I suppose it was that Jones girl."

"Have you any of those finest cambric-needles? They break all the time. I do think they must make them out of I don't know what. I suppose Amanda will be engaged soon. Ouch!"

"What is it? Stuck your thumb? How horrid! Look out you don't spot the muslin. I believe I have sewed this sleeve in upside down. No, I haven't, either. Do you mind letting me try it on? It won't take a minute."

"Who basted this in? I can't do a thing with it! It's all puckered up. I shall have to pull it out again. Where is the emery?"

"I had it a minute ago. Here it is. I was reading the *most interesting* book the other day. Let me see—what was it about?"

"Does that look all right? Seems to me I haven't done it a bit well."

"Why, it looks lovely! I wish I could make those tiny stitches! They look like fairy work!"

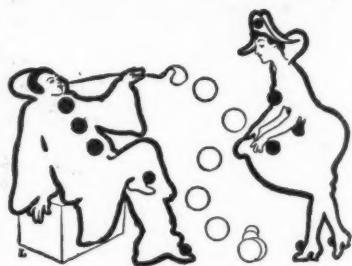
"Oh, I remember now. The name of the book was"—

"Do you know, I found such a bargain the other day! You remember my brown straw?"

"The braided one?"

"No; the coarse straw with the velvet edging. Well, I found the sweetest ostrich feather in a box of marked down trimmings and it was a perfect dear. After I steamed it over the kettle it came out just like new. And only three dollars. I wish I could get a dozen like it. Ostriches are always in fashion, and you can use them over and over."

Reuter's Soap



Just the kind of soap an exacting woman will appreciate. Its superfine perfume and medicinal properties make it pleasant and beneficial to use. The length of time a cake will last makes it an economy to buy. Try a cake for your complexion's sake. At your druggists.

Send a two cent stamp for a trial cake
BARCLAY & COMPANY
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The first Derby made in America was a

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Knapp-Felt

hats have noticeable elegance of style.
Knapp-Felt DeLuxe \$6. Knapp-Felt \$4.

Write for "The Hatman"

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
Broadway, at 13th Street
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There were eleven speed-indicating devices sufficiently practical to enter the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland's Reliability Contest. One instrument only went through the 30 days' trials *without adjustment*—responded to every test for accuracy and scored an absolutely perfect record. That instrument was the

Jones Speedometer

The judges in awarding the club's Gold Medal ruled that the Jones was the most reliable speed indicating device in the world. The following shows the order of merit:

- 1 Jones
- 2 Elliott
- 3 Cowey Ind.
- 4 Gratze
- 5 Vulcan
- 6 Cowey Rec.
- 7 Warner Auto-meter

Jones Speedometer
Mfd. by Jos. W. Jones
104 W. 32d St.
New York



"Will you lend me the yard-measure, dear? It seems to me I have cut this too short. I have, I declare! What would you do? Can I piece it, do you think?"

"Why not put it away till shorter ones come in? You have that lovely strip of beaver. That's good yet, isn't it?"

"Do you think those colors swear at each other? I think they do lovely together. I like to see something a little odd, myself. I wonder if you wouldn't *all*, like some Russian tea? I'm going to have some."

(Not to be continued—in print.)

Tudor Jenks.

AN ELDERLY man in Shrewsbury, England, was showing a couple of friends about the town. They tarried before the place where the statue of Shrewsbury's great son, Darwin, sits and broods. "That," said the Shrewsbury man, pointing with a bulging umbrella, "is Darwin." "Yes," answered one of the visitors, after a rather unfriendly scrutiny, "that was him as said we all come from monkeys." "He did," went on the Shrewsbury man, "and I'll tell you another thing. Not long ago the steeple of one of our churches fell down. There are many as says it is a judgment upon the town for putting up a statue to 'im."—*Rochester Herald*.

USE GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER IN THE HOME AND OFFICE
"ITS PURITY HAS MADE IT FAMOUS."

The Horns of His Dilemma

AN EDITOR of a Western exchange recently began worrying about how he would get his shirt on over his wings after reaching Paradise. An envious contemporary sarcastically observed that his difficulty would likely be in finding out how he could get his hat on over his horns.—*Guyman (Kans.) Herald*.



If your carriage dealer offers you a choice of tires, just examine the smart, well-built vehicles he carries. You will find more of them equipped with

Kelly-Springfield Tires

than with any other make. The tire that high-grade builders the country over have decided is the one most competent to be included in their guarantee is the one best calculated to give you the service and the comfort you expect.

Our free booklet, "Rubber Tired," will interest tire users.

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The Copley Prints

Long recognized as the best of pictures: choice as gifts to friends and for the adornment of one's own walls. **EDWINA ABBEY** says "Excellent . . . I could not wish bettered." Fifty cents to \$2.00. At art stores, or sent on approval. Full ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE sent only upon receipt of 25 cents (stamps), which charge, however, may be deducted from a subsequent purchase of the Prints themselves.

This picture, "Caroline," by Louise Cox, copyright 1901 by Louise Cox and 1901 by

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Agencies in all the principal cities in the world.

GRAYGOOD HYDRAULIC (Double-Acting) AUTOMOBILE SHOCK-ABSORBER

(Formerly the "American")

Mfd. under Patents
of J. E. Smith



Does not stiffen springs nor require readjusting.
Sold by all garages and dealers on a 30-days-trial-money-back guarantee. Write for free booklet to-day.

GRAHAM & GOODMAN, Sole Mfrs.
50 W. 93d Street, New York

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

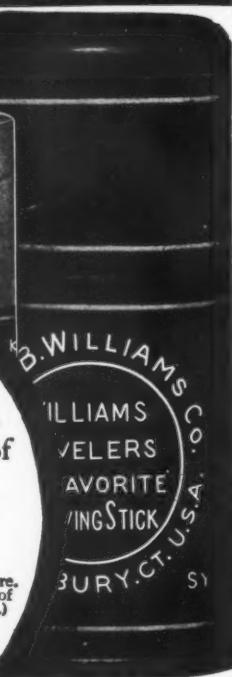
Williams' Shaving Stick

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4c. in stamps for Williams' Shaving Stick, or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY

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It is easy to exaggerate the size as we have done, but hardly possible to exaggerate the soothing, softening, antiseptic qualities of

J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac

(Founded 1715).



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FINE OLD
LIQUEUR
BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE

Sole Agents
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York



THREE INCH
-UNIFORM-
BEARING SURFACE
COMPARED WITH
ONE INCH
UNEVEN TREAD
IN ORDINARY
-TIRES-

3 inches

1 inch

IS ONE FEATURE THAT MAKES PENNSYLVANIA CLINCHERS' RACING TYPE - VASTLY SUPERIOR IN POINTS OF SPEED, SAFETY, EASE AND DURABILITY. THE CONSTRUCTION IS OF THE TOUGHEST, MOST RESILIENT MATERIALS THAT GO INTO THE MAKING OF ANY TIRE. KEEP THESE POINTS IN MIND THE COMING SEASON.

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READY NOVEMBER FIRST

WHY
They Married



By
James Montgomery Flagg

Life Publishing Co.

LAUGH AND LIVE LONG

MR. FLAGG possesses the unusual gift of being able to combine fun in drawing with fun in text. In this work he displays the same laughter-provoking talents which made "IF; a Guide to Bad Manners" one of last year's greatest successes. Don't hesitate to mention Mr. Flagg's books to any one who is looking for a laugh-maker.

75 Cents, Postpaid

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West Thirty-first Street NEW YORK

LIFE

Government by the W. C. T. U.

GENERAL CORBIN'S last word before retirement was a protest against the abolition of the army canteen.

The cowardly submission of Congress to the demands of the Women's Christian Temperance Union is one of the most nauseating spectacles that the American people have to observe. Congressmen, who know better—scores of them—vote down the canteen because they dare not do otherwise.

A political party that will put into its platform a plank against government by the Women's Christian Temperance Union will get votes by it.

Recipes for Modern Use

NOVELS.—Take one homely girl, a trip to Europe, a Chautauqua course in fiction and a typewriter, and stir vigorously together. Add publishers' puffs to suit, enough reading notices to awake interest, and set in an open place to simmer. Serve with sugar and spice and devour quickly, or it will spoil on your hands.

HOME.—Put a man and a woman in a frame building and add children to suit. Run a few cooks through the kitchen and out, sprinkle with doctors' and dressmakers' visits, bills and scraps of various kinds, and bring to a boil. When cool, serve slowly during a lifetime.

FAD.—Take a large body of people waiting for something new. Go out and cut a fresh fool idea. Sprinkle it over them and knead well. Serve when red hot. If allowed to cool off will be spoiled.

Planted and Growing

IS IT true that the President's yacht, *The Mayflower*, is aground?"

"I hadn't heard of it."

"Well, this paper says that she went to New York City and took Root there."



"HE'S DEVOTED TO HIS ART, ISN'T HE?"
"YES. IT'S ABOUT THE ONLY THING HE HASN'T GIVEN UP."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. OCT. 18, 1906. NO. 1251.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



LET us take one eye off of Colonel Hearst's interesting campaign for Governor of New York long enough to admire the creditable piece of work that has been done in our name in Cuba. Cuba has had the most indulgent deal that it was possible to give her. Not only have American intentions—barring those of Albert Beveridge—been good, but they have been carried out with admirable forbearance and discretion. There is no doubt that our Commissioners did their utmost to find responsible Cuban hands in which to deposit the administration of the island, but President Palma's resignation and the refusal of the Cuban Congress to elect a new President left no alternative to shifting the immediate responsibility onto American shoulders.

How and when, if ever, it is to be again transferred back to the Cubans is matter for speculation. What President Palma's Government might eventually have been able to do if left entirely alone cannot now be told, but there was no encouraging prospect that it would be able to put down the rebels. It could not be left alone, and under the terms of the Platt Amendment no uprising in Cuba can long be left alone. The question remains whether a free, independent and stable government can be worked out in Cuba without as many revolutions as the process demands.

There is no doubt that the Palma Government denied the Cubans fair elections, but fair elections were also denied to the voters in our own Southern States for the reason that the negro party in those States was not fit to govern. We have tacitly admitted that in our South

that reason was valid. The same may be true in Cuba. The numerical majority in that island may be unfit to maintain a tolerable Government. Whether it is or not can only be determined by experiment, and the moment any given experiment begins to threaten the sugar and tobacco crop we are bound to interfere and stop it.

Altogether, forecasting the immediate destinies of Cuba seems a job for seventh sons. All we know is that if Cuba cannot take care of herself Uncle Sam is obligated to take care of her and that if it comes to annexation there will be violent objections from the beneficiaries of our tariff on sugar and tobacco. The elimination of revolution from Cuban independence is a good deal like the elimination of nosebleed from football. It can be done if the umpire is strong enough, but the chances are it will spoil the game.



IT IS likely that Cuba will one day be joined to the United States, thereby getting stable government and the autocracy which all the States of our Union enjoy. That result is geographically suitable, and will doubtless be satisfactory, when it comes, to a majority of the Cubans large enough to include all who ought to be satisfied. But inevitably with any such arrangement there will come a prodigious clash over the tariff.

What the tariff has done to us in the way of demoralizing our citizenship and perverting our Government only now begins to be appreciated. What it will do to us before we get through with it nobody can foresee. There are observers, however, who compare it with slavery, which strengthened its hold on the South as the property interests depending upon it increased until what at first had been universally felt to be an evil, tolerated temporarily for special reasons, came finally to be cherished and acclaimed by its fanatical advocates as a God-given and ideal institution. We shall be lucky, very lucky, these observers think, if we get quit of our tariff shackles without a struggle and sacrifices fit to be compared with

the struggle and the sacrifices that paid the final price of slavery.



COLONEL HEARST'S canvass is doing fine, and the *Wall Street Journal* asserts that Mr. Brisbane's salary is to be raised from \$72,000 to \$100,000. It is hard to understand how so bloated a plutocrat as Mr. Brisbane can be for Hearst, but so he seems to be. It is more fun to be for Hearst. We should be for him if it were not for dislike of the headache the morning after. Mr. Brisbane's paper represents Hearst as saying in Albany, "I do not want any man's vote who does not thoroughly understand me." Which seems rash, because Colonel Hearst's greatest charm has been that nobody understood him. If he could get the votes of the persons in New York State alone who do not understand him he would beat Hughes by the greatest majority any Governor ever got.

It is an entirely new phase in Colonel Hearst to want to be understood, but he is working hard on the new lines, going about undisguised in broad daylight and shaking hands with quantities of voters, especially in the agricultural counties. He does it pretty well. Running for Governor is doing him good. Any day we may hear that this once retiring man has ordered all the bull's-eye glass out of the windows of his remarkable city house and registered notice of intention to apply to be joined to the Baptist Church. LIFE would gladly hear such news. Any sign and every one of the reapproximation of William Hearst to the normal will be welcomed.

His campaign, as has been said, is full of vivacity. The trouble with it is that it is so largely based on misrepresentation, lies and the stimulation of class jealousies. Among other things, the business of demolishing the political influence of all the first-rate lawyers, on the ground that they are in the pay of corporations, is being systematically prosecuted, with a deplorable degree of success. We cannot spare all the first-rate lawyers out of politics, for they include, as they always have included, some of the wisest leaders of public opinion, and the once most feared by demagogues.



FROM OUR AIRSHIP

THE OPEN SEASON

• LIFE •

A Hymn Revised

(A corporation has been formed to bottle and ship water from the river Jordan for baptismal purposes.)

ON JORDAN'S stormy banks I stand
And cast a wistful eye
Across the stretch of barren sand—
The stream has been pumped dry.
A weary pilgrim, here I wait,
My fevered brow to lave—
But by transcontinental freight
They've shipped the bounding wave.

Long time ago I turned my feet
Fair Jordan's banks to strike—
The river glimmers in the heat,
As dusty as a pike.
I see across to Canaan's land
Where shovel, scoop and dredge
Are loading up the soil and sand.
And setting fields on edge.

On Sinai's mount the drills now hum
And blasts fill all the air—
They're quarrying new tablets from
The rock formations there.
Each hallowed spot that once I dreamed
A place serene and dear
Is now with excavations seamed
To make a souvenir.

With Sinai carved in tablets small,
And Canaan boxed in pecks,
And Jordan held in bottles tall,
This thought my soul must vex:
Do we now face the dreadful day,
And is it near at hand,
When sinners in a hurry may
Get their religion canned?

W. D. Nesbit.

In the Name of Humanity



HE cheering news comes to us from over the sea that the English "Positivists," who are now commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Auguste Comte, have held a meeting at Clifford's Inn, London, which was decorated for the occasion with thirteen busts of the thirteen great men who have given their names to the thirteen months of the Positivist calendar—Moses, Homer, Archimedes, Aristotle, Julius Cæsar, St. Paul, Charlemagne, Dante, Gutenberg, Shakespeare, Descartes, Frederick the Great and Bichat.

The precise theory of selection by which these names have been chosen to represent the "Religion of Humanity"



Mrs. Silhouette : DOCTOR, ISN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO FOR MY INCREASING FATNESS?
Dr. Scissors : AN OPERATION IS YOUR ONLY HOPE.



Mrs. S. : IS THAT SO? WELL, I'M READY FOR IT WHENEVER YOU ARE WILLING TO UNDERTAKE IT.
The Doctor : THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT. I'LL BEGIN NOW.



Mrs. S. : MY GRATITUDE IS UNSPEAKABLE.

is not apparent to the uninitiated; but, apart from the advantage of having thirteen months instead of twelve in every year (a real gain when life is so short), it must be pleasant for the Positivists to be able to say, "Bitterly cold Moses we're having this year" (Moses standing for the first twenty-eight days of January); or "Julius Cæsar" (May)

"has been late and rainy all over England"; or "Blazing hot Charlemagne" (July), "isn't it?" Even the intellectual delight of dating one's letters "Archimedes the 9th," or having the 4th of Gutenberg for a birthday, is one to be deeply respected.

The French Revolutionists devised a calendar in which every week was to be ten days long, the months were to have charming new names, "Frimaire," "Février," "Mérididor," and all France—or what was left of it—was to assist, fresh and smiling, at the regeneration of the world. The Revolutionists were not without some shadowy notions of a "Religion of Humanity," and they took good, drastic measures to establish the new creed and the new calendar. The gentler Positivists, though they christen their months Julius Cæsar and Frederick the Great, deplore the shedding of blood. Mrs. Bridger, the leading speaker of the London meeting, expressed, we are told, "the essence of Positivism" when she said: "Greater than the family is the country, but greater than the country is humanity." A remark as amiable as it is obvious.

Agnes Repplier.

A Poser

A CERTAIN psychologist is making some original researches regarding the so-called "questioning age" of children. He has an inquisitive young son that serves for an illustration, and one day, when the two were walking, he purposely allowed the boy's questions to go on and on while he answered each one as best he could. At last he was forced to fall back on that ever-useful, ever-available answer:

"God made it."

But Carl was not silenced.

"Is there anything God can't do?" he asked.

"No, my son."

"Then could he lick another God just as big and strong as he is?"

Something Wrong

"COULD you lend me your automobile for to-morrow?"

"With pleasure."

"Never mind, old chap, if it's in that condition I don't believe I want it."

"THEY say that burglar is the son of an insurance president."

"I see: hereditary."



A MODERN FAIRY TALE
THE PRESENTATION OF THE CHOSEN

Phonetics



ANDREW CARNEGIE desires to crown a life of industry and thrift with an age of phonetics; and he and other reformers of language and cobblers of spelling are striving patiently and pathetically to reach a common ground of mangled orthography which will at once represent the musical Hootmonese of Skibo, the low, lazy, lingering lingo of the Alabama lynching belt and the snappy, snortful slanguage of Oyster Bay. It is the struggle of the eyes and the ears, the bureau against the burro.

The early efforts of Josh Billings and Artemus Ward, the Pilgrim Fathers of Phonetics, to introduce their Sound System of Spelling were not taken seriously; these fanatics of funetics were laughed at, and in time spelling as a branch of humor died out. The dialect story succeeded the Billings-Ward era and for years the world was steeped in gloom. Mary Wilkins rang the welkin of the Pie Belt; orthography and oatmeal added new terrors to Scotch pathos; the coon dialecticians of Dixie made lynching justifiable; the sad and

sorry spelling of the Sierras shocked the solar system; and the weird words of Canuck and Coon, Slav and Swede, cowboy and cutthroat, mariner and miner, seemed to indicate that English was the product of the bughouse, Balaam the prophet and his long-eared burden bearer the voice of the language. The coming of the Trusts, of Bryan, the Muck-rakers and Reform displaced dialect as neatly and inevitably as the bomb displaces and displeases the Russian statesman.

The demand of the age is for royal roads to termini, for success without effort, for labor without sweat, for wealth without welter, and the courageous Carnegie has seized the psychological moment for phonetics. Phonetics is the asylum of the lame and lazy, the idle and indifferent; it renders schools superfluous and teachers nonessential; it is a boon to the short of eye and the long of ear, the thin of brain and the thick of head; it confuses steal and steel, harmonizes the profits of Wall Street and the prophets of Israel, and leaves us in doubt whether the best seller of the season is in the press of the printer or the basement of the wine shop. The crux of phonetics turns upon what sound shall be the



"LIFE'S" FORAGING ATTACHMENT FOR TOURISTS

THE FEASIBILITY OF OUR SKIDOO NO. 23 ATTACHMENT FOR USE IN LARGE TOURING CARS HAS BEEN PROVED CONCLUSIVELY

standard of truth and guidance—the sound of broad Scots, the sound of Brander's Alabamese, the sound which beats against Oyster Bay or the sound sense of mere traditional English? Will the eyes or the ears have it?

Can Carnegie coin, Matthew methods and presidential proclamations dethrone the classics? They are strong and strenuous allies; but the printer and proofreader have the last crack at literature and they are not to be sneezed at.

Joseph Smith.

The Maidens with the Acrobatic Eyes

(Compiled after reading half a dozen modern novels)

WITH her eyes she riveted him to the spot.

"Her eyes sparkled as they drank in every gesture."

"His conceit perished beneath the withering gaze of her scorn-filled eyes."

"Fixing her eyes upon the reclining form, she remained immovable."

"Her trained eyes penetrated every nook and corner of the desolate room."

"He stood, rooted to the spot by her magnetic eyes."

"She permitted her eyes to rest upon the ceiling a moment, and then they roamed carelessly about the room."

"She returned his caress with a single glance from her beauteous brown orbs."

"Isabel's eyes took in everything that the room contained, and with a dignity befitting a queen she left the place."

"Slowly her eyes followed as he disappeared from view o'er the distant hilltop."

James W. Babcock.

Morality

EVE answered the knock without stopping to look at her hair in the glass, and was not a little flustered, upon opening the door, to be confronted by a stylish young serpent of ingratiating address.

"Madame," said he, "I am introducing morality into this world."

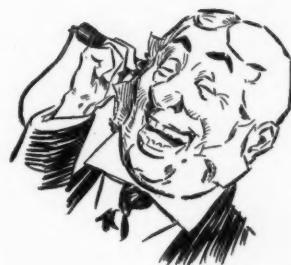
"Morality!" repeated Eve, opening her lovely eyes. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Quite possible, madame. It is, in fact, something entirely new; positively, I pledge you my word, the greatest discovery of all time; a convenience in the family, in society, in the church: in the family, such that your children, once they have become accustomed to its advantages, will never be happy without it; in society, such that the newspapers will hardly be able to separate the sheep from the goats without some reference to it; in the church, such that but for it, there can be no theology with anything like a heart interest; in fine, madame, a necessity of life, as life is destined to be lived by the best people. Can I supply you?"

"Well, I don't know. How much?"

"We are making a cheap, introductory price. After it has been introduced it will cost more. For the present you have only to eat this apple, and the article is yours, to have and to hold, your heirs and assigns forever."

It was her first real bargain, understand, and she a thoroughly womanly woman. To be sure, she had no use at all for morality, but—



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WHAT SORT OF MESSAGE IS HE RECEIVING?

WHY THIS DELIGHT SO SUDDENLY FOLLOWED BY UNWELCOME NEWS?

FOR THE BEST SOLUTIONS OF THE MYSTERY, TOLD IN NOT MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED WORDS AND RECEIVED BEFORE JANUARY, 1907, "LIFE" WILL GIVE TEN PRIZES OF TEN DOLLARS EACH.

Conservatism Up to Date

Scene: A ladies' luncheon. Time: Any day

LADY IN PURPLE: Dr. Dash is wonderful, simply wonderful! I go to him Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at six in the morning. It is an awful hour, but Dr. Dash says that the shocks enter the system properly only at sunrise. He puts me in a sort of glass cylinder, that can bear 200 degrees Fahrenheit, and then turns on pink rays. As the heat increases the pink fades and when it becomes opalescent blue the shocks have been properly administered. I then, of course, go back to bed and rest all of that day—but it is *so* strengthening! You ought all of you to try it.

LADY IN BROWN: Oh, my dear, do be careful! I have a friend who went to him and the shocks shattered her whole constitution. I have discovered the cleverest man—not a regular doctor—but he is doing wonders for every one. His theory is that what we need is a return to nature and that we ought to go barefoot.

LADY IN GREEN: Don't try that sheep cure! It gave Mrs. Smith chronic rheumatism! You ought to send for Maggie Pincher and have facial massage. Don't you think my skin looks well?

CHORUS OF LADIES: Beautiful! Just like a baby's! Too lovely!

LADY IN GREEN (triumphantly): It has all been done by Maggie Pincher's fingers, oleomargarine-cream and ground-glass rollers!

LADY IN BROWN (sotto voce, to her neighbor): Whatever you do, my dear, don't have anything like that done to you! It smooths out the skin on top, by swelling up the skin underneath; and by

and by it all gets rubbed loose; and doesn't fit any more.

HER NEIGHBOR, IN BLACK: I would not dare to try it; it might make me fat! I go over to Philadelphia once a week to see Dr. Blank. You ought to go to him. I weigh everything I eat: one ounce of red meat or one and a half of brown; two of green vegetables, of course none of the starchy—

LADY IN VIVID RED (interrupting): There is only one way to keep one's figure thin.

Every one's attention captured as though by a magnet. All present in chorus: *How?*

LADY IN RED: Be massaged by Mrs. Pounder every morning for two hours.

LADY IN BROWN: But she hurts!

LADY IN GREEN: Doesn't she make you black and blue?

LADY IN PURPLE: I am crazy to try her, but I can't stand pain! How do you live through it?

LADY IN RED (bravely): It is agony. I used to hold tight to the bedpost and scream out loud, but Maggie was used to little demonstrations of that kind, and kept right on. Now I don't feel ordinary bruises any more; she says she has to pinch her hardest to hurt me.

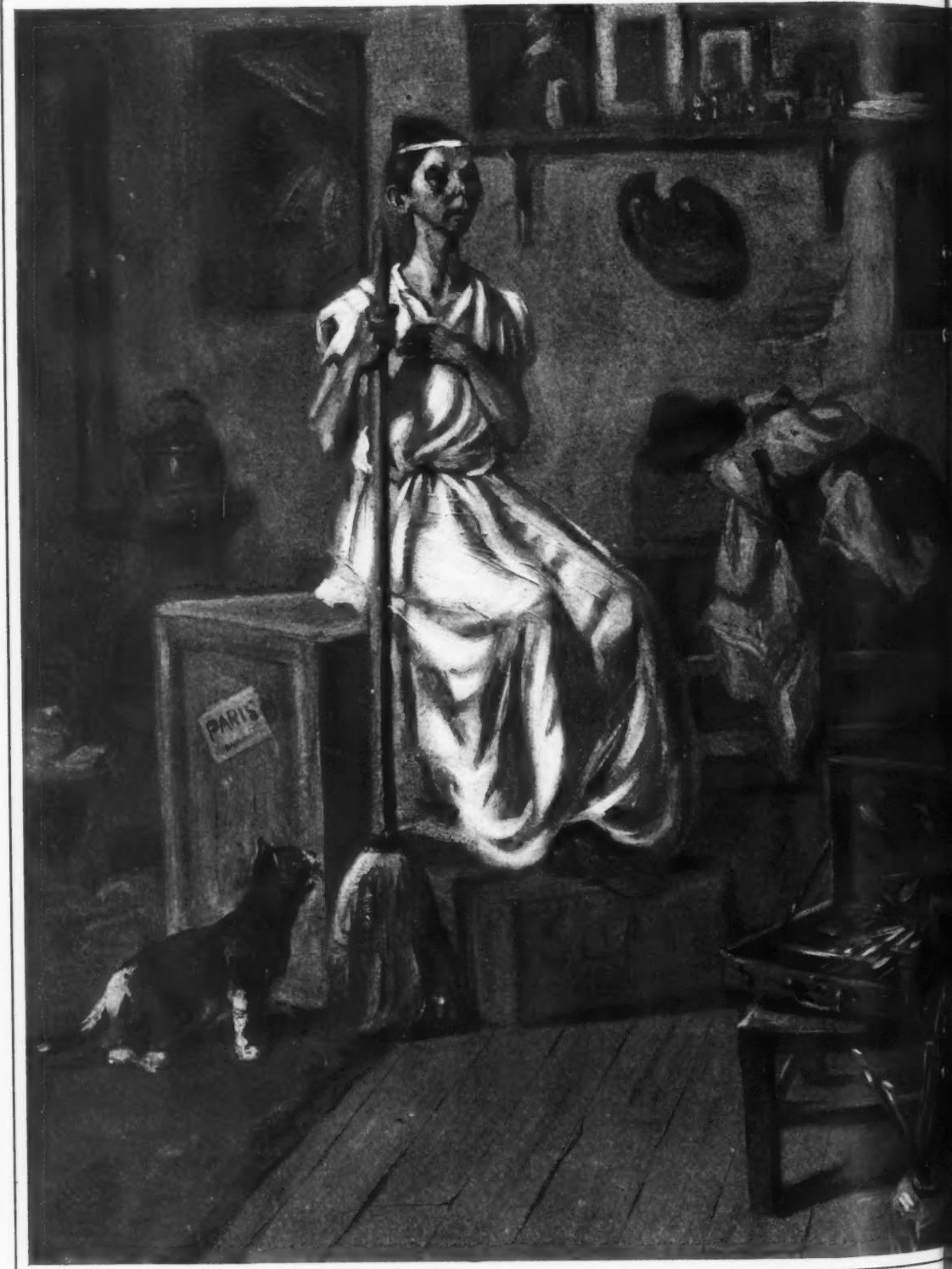
At this point, luncheon having come to an end, the martyr arose first and walked out of the room ahead of the other women, whose eyes were fastened in awed admiration on the hard little hips that had lost all sensation for ordinary bruises. At the end came a comfortable matron, whose ample proportions were allowed full freedom in a voluminous costume of white.

"Dear friends," she purred, as she

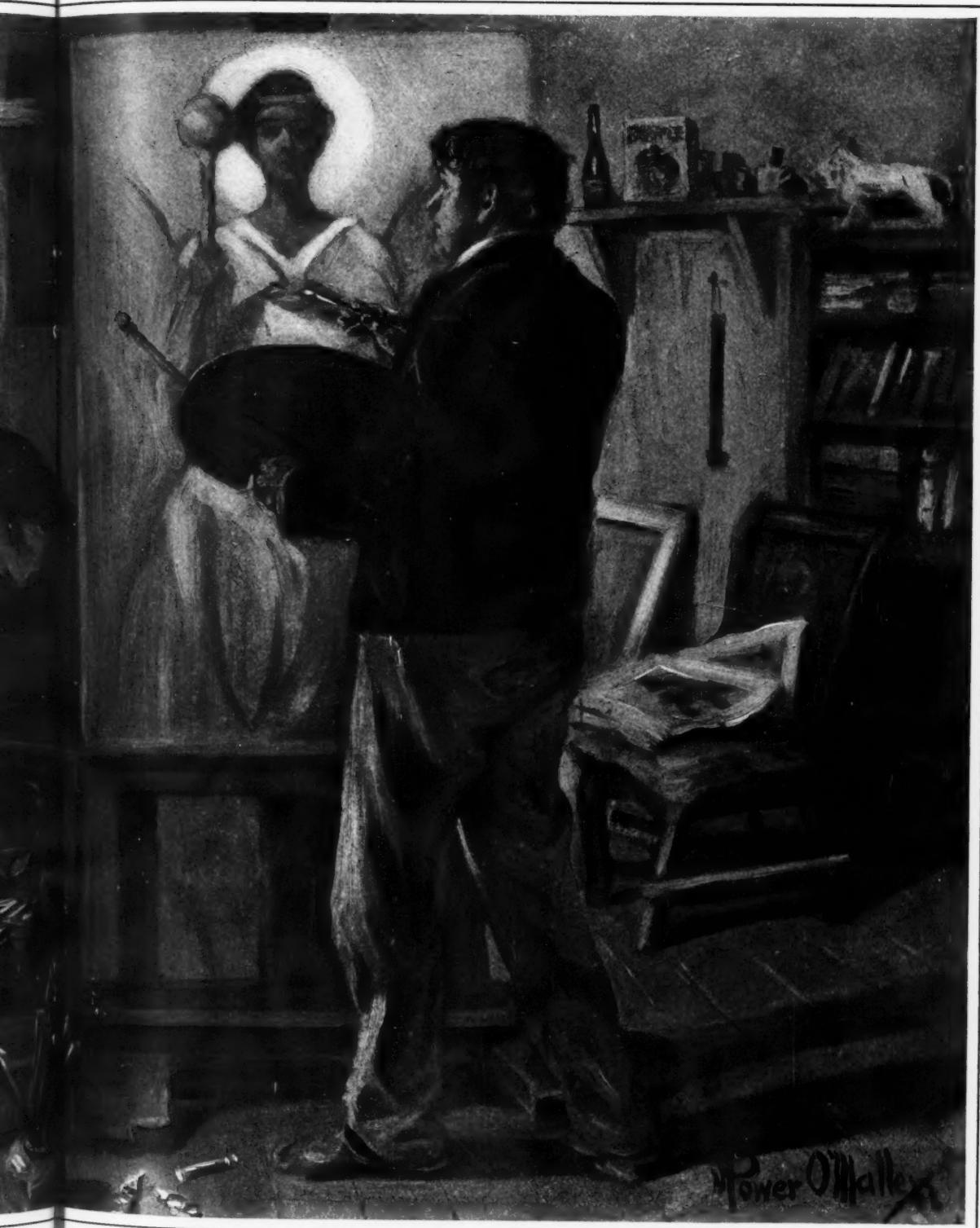


settled herself in the largest armchair (while the other five prepared to stand for half an hour after the meal), "what are large hips? Merely an error. What is pain? Merely an error. You should all become Christian Scientists." And then she smiled sweetly, and her smile said distinctly as words: "If you would only have faith in *my* theories who knows but that you might have figures as sylph-like and perfect as—my own!"

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LIFE



Power O'Malley



STRANGE DOINGS IN THE "SUN" EDITORIAL ROOM AS DEPICTED IN "THE STOLEN STORY"



Two Thoroughly American Plays

APLAY with Miss Margaret Anglin as the star makes us look for what? Emotion principally. That has come to be recognized as her strong suit. In "The Great Divide" she, too, was looking for emotion, and, naturally, a commanding star finds or is permitted to find what she is looking for.

Mr. Moody, who wrote the play, evidently had a less temperamental idea. His appeal was largely to the reason, and, therefore, invites reasonable analysis. Unfortunately, the combination gives the reasoning spectator a sensation of falseness through the whole play after the key scene at the end of the first act.

It involves those two great American institutions—the New England conscience and the New England spinster. Even the closest student of these two mysterious products of Puritan civilization is likely to find himself at a loss. If he reasons long enough he may find that the sensation of falseness arises from the use of a false premise.

The scene in question pertains to a New England woman who has been left alone for a night at an unprotected Western ranch. She finds herself in the power of three typical "bad men," who have forced their way into the house. She instantly chooses the greatest of the three evils and informs him that if he will dispose of the other two she will become his by due process of marriage. Why he should have accepted this proposition when he could just as well have made his own terms is as remarkable as that she should have made it at all or that she should not have broken a promise obtained under duress the moment her future husband took her before the magistrate to marry them.

The suggestion that she was a New England spinster, and, therefore, would have jumped at any matrimonial opportunity, is negatived by the author having already introduced a suitor whom she was coyly putting off after the manner of the New England

spinster. Her subsequent bearing toward her marauding husband refutes the theory that it might have been a case of love at first sight. The end of the first act leaves us this false premise, but granting its possibility for the sake of argument, the next two are devoted to a solution which is perfectly plausible, if we also grant the old stage postulate that people always make dramatic complications by doing the difficult and unusual thing instead of the obvious and natural one.

Here is where the New England conscience becomes valuable as a theatrical asset. It causes the spinster to start a course of introspection which results in her being unable to let well enough alone.



SIDE-TRACKED

THESE PEOPLE WED IN SELF-DEFENSE,
ALL SOCIAL LIFE THEY MISSED;
THEY FOUND THEMSELVES OUTSIDE THE FENCE—
FOR NEITHER PLAYED BRIDGE WHIST!

Her husband had turned out to be a very decent sort of fellow and a prosperous one. Any woman but a New England spinster with a New England conscience would have taken care of her baby, subscribed for the *Ladies' Home Journal* so as to make the new house an artistic and architectural dream, taken a correspondence school course in singing and done the other things which tend to make a happy home in the remote mining districts reached only by the rural delivery and the mail order business. But the New England conscience as Mr. Moody understands it wouldn't allow this. It had to wallop the wife and the mother, and the brother and the husband and the baby around, making everybody uncomfortable, until finally Mr. Moody gave it—the conscience—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing



THE HEN HAWK

Syrup, or something similar, and permitted the play to end happily.

If Miss Anglin depicted a coldly intellectual New England woman forced through the situation described and were the solution of her dilemma reached in more plausible fashion, "The Great Divide" would seem a more credible play. Miss Anglin is a good deal too much real flesh and blood to be just what Mr. Moody probably intended to convey. Therefore, her excellent acting in the later scenes counts for less than it should. The mathematical sense of right and wrong does not seem to consist with the highly temperamental nature she so admirably pictures, even though the author has given her one or two little touches of human tenderness in the earlier scenes.



MARGARET ANGLIN AS *Ruth* IN "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

The cast is a good one. Mr. Henry Miller, who is that rarity in America, the actor-manager, appears to unexpectedly good advantage in the unusual part of the "bad man" of the West, who is bad only on the surface and is refined by marriage and good luck into a loving husband and a good citizen. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen is, as always, a charming matron, Mr. Robert Cummings an unusually effective miner and Miss Crews an amusing younger sister, who emits profound philosophy punctuated by giggles. A strong word of praise is due to Mr. Unit, the scenic artist, for a stage picture of a view in the land of the cañons whose beauty has rarely been equaled on the New York stage.

"The Great Divide" is a strong and scholarly play, well acted, and gives food for thought. It is American from every point of view, and the success to which it seems destined is an encouraging factor of the present theatrical situation.

* * *

ANOTHER American, Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, is the author of "The Stolen Story," whose career at the Garden Theatre was shorter than that run in New York by

much less deserving productions. The play from the viewpoint of dramatic construction was not of great originality or merit, and its plot hinged on a detail left rather obscure in the minds of the audience. It was amusingly written, however, and led up to a really thrilling climax connected with the inner workings of a daily newspaper whose identity is blushingly admitted by the *New York Sun*. The not overly picturesque thought-factory of that journal is reproduced with considerable fidelity and atmosphere. The act in which it occurs is admirably stage-managed and is a theatrical novelty which interested the laity in the audience and especially those who knew anything of newspaper life. Mr. Jameson Lee Finney had the leading male part, that of a reporter with a weakness for drink, and impersonated it successfully. Miss Dorothy Tennant, in the leading female rôle, lacked finish, but the support, in the main, was excellent.

"The Stolen Story" deserved a longer stay in New York.

* * *

At a recent meeting of dramatic authors Mr. Channing Pollock was good enough to say that the main hope for the future of the American stage was in the chronic discontent of the critics. It is to be hoped that this may be effective, although apparently the power of exclusion may be used by managers to silence critics who express their discontent too freely.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—"Cape Cod Folks." Notice later.

Astor—Annie Russell, as *Puck* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Beautifully staged and reasonably well acted.

Belasco—Blanche Bates and Mr. Frank Keenan in "The Girl of the Golden West." Absorbing American play written and staged by David Belasco.

Bijou—Mr. Nat Goodwin in "The Genius." Rather extravagant but diverting comedy of contemporary life.

Casino—"My Lady's Maid." The usual Casino type of musical piece with several good numbers.

Empire—Mr. John Drew as the star in Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order." Interesting play of English domestic life.

Garrick—Mr. William Gillette in "Clarice." Notice later.

Garden—"Sam Houston." Notice later.

Hackett—Ross Stahl in "The Chorus Lady."

Herald Square—"About Town." Mr. Lew Fields and notable cast in light, contemporary, musical play.

Hippodrome—Spectacle, ballet and circus features, all excellently presented and on a large scale.

Lyric—Virginia Harmed in "The Love Letter" Notice later.

Majestic—"The Tourists." Musical play of the customary kind, well staged and performed.

Manhattan—Grace George in Hapgood and Pollock's "Clothes." Society comedy. Light, but amusing.

Princess—Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller in "The Great Divide." See opposite.

• LIFE•



IN *The Tides of Barnegat*, a story of fifty years ago in a village community on Barnegat Bay, we meet F. Hopkinson Smith for almost the first time as a writer of pure fiction. Most of Mr. Smith's work has been reminiscent, semiautobiographical or directly expressive of personal sentiment and association. Our appreciation of it has aroused and has, in turn, been influenced by a liking for Mr. Smith. But *The Tides of Barnegat* stands on its own feet. In the highest department of the novelist's art, the creation of characters, it shows Mr. Smith as only moderately successful. His characters, with the exception of Captain Holt, are described but not created. Yet the simply told, old-fashioned tale of folly and deceit with its overwhelmingly dramatic dénouement is so sincere, so effective and so free from any straining after-effect that, quite apart from its author's popularity, it fully deserves the success it will undoubtedly enjoy.

The Undefiled is a novel by Frances Aymar Mathews, which forms a sequel to her story of *The Marquise's Millions*, and gives the subsequent adventures of the pretty conspiratrix who was the heroine of that romance. The author of *My Lady Peggy Goes to Town* still handles improbable situations and crowded coincidences with smiling persuasiveness, but she has here combined with these an incongruous element of Anglo-French "realism," and the combination belongs to that category of fiction colloquially referred to as "trash." It is a category in no wise worth reading, yet often, as in this instance, perversely readable.

If Youth but Knew is a pretty romance of the Thuringian Forest and the last days of Jerome Bonaparte's Westphalian Kingdom. It is written by Agnes and Egerton

Castle, and its pages have the sparkle, the spontaneity and the vernal spirit which experience has taught us to associate with the presence of Mrs. Castle's name on the title page of Castle novels.

Myrta Lockett Avary's second book, *Dixie After the War*, is by just so much less interesting and less valuable than her *A Virginia Girl in the Civil War* as its

contents, offered to us at second and third hand instead of at first, fails to form a homogeneous whole. The former volume was a memoir. The present one is a compilation. The one was an entity, the other is a potpourri. Nevertheless, its pages introduce us to so many celebrities, contain so many anecdotes and supply so much semihistorical gossip that the book is likely to be a favorite.

The difference in value, however, is excellently illustrated by a little volume entitled *From a New England Woman's Diary in Dixie in 1865*, and containing the journal kept by Mary Ames during the eighteen months she acted as a teacher for the Freedman's Bureau on one of the Sea Islands off the coast of South Carolina. It is fragmentary, uneventful, written by a young girl as a mere private record of daily life. But it has the sheer historical quality that would inhere in a loaf of bread baked for the troops of Charlemagne.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne must have some gasoline in his veins. His "mixture" is so much better when he writes motor-car fiction than at any other time. His latest story, *Three Speeds Forward*, would doubtless be a very ordinary little love story, indeed, were it not for the (at present) irresistible automobilism of it. But, as it is, the book is extremely *chic* and translates the eternal love motif admirably into the accepted hum of the moment.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Tides of Barnegat, by F. Hopkinson Smith. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

The Undefiled, by Frances Aymar Mathews. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

If Youth but Knew, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Dixie After the War, by Myrta Lockett Avary. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.75.)

From a New England Woman's Diary in Dixie in 1865, by Mary Ames. (Johnson's Bookstore, Springfield, Mass.)

Three Speeds Forward, by Lloyd Osbourne. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.00.)



A LITERAL-MINDED YOUNG MAN

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN OF HANTS,
WHO WENT QUEERLY CLAD TO A DANCE.

"IN A BOOK I HAVE READ
THERE'S THIS STATEMENT," HE SAID:
"NO GENTLEMAN EVER WEARS PANTS."



THE INEBRIATES



TAKING DOWN A DUKE

Before the success of his comedies, Oscar Wilde found it rather difficult to earn a living, we are told by *The Woman's Home Companion*. In spite of his poverty, however, he always maintained his self-esteem, and his wit was often directed against persons who assumed undue superiority. On one occasion this disdainful wit of his cost Wilde a lucrative position.

A very noble duke required a tutor for his two sons, and Wilde was recommended. He called, the duke examined him, and seemed favorably impressed.

But he was a very great duke, with a very high opinion of himself, and his manner grated on Wilde.

The last question he asked the young man was:

"And would you—ah—would you expect to eat with the family?"

"That," Wilde answered, "would depend altogether on how the family behaved at meals."

HIS MOST ACCURATE COUNTERFEIT

The genial Mark Twain complains that he has a most surprising number of "doubles." Only the other day a gentleman wrote to him from Florida, saying that he had been taken so often for Mr. Clemens that he thought it a matter of duty to send his photograph to the real original.

The likeness, as shown by the picture, was certainly remarkable—so much so, indeed, that Mark sat down and wrote the following reply:

"MY DEAR SIR—I thank you very much for your letter and the photograph. In my opinion, you are certainly more like me than any other of my doubles. In fact, I am sure that if you stood before me in a mirrorless frame, I could shave by you."—*Lippincott's*.

HOW TO BE A CHAUFFEUR

If you have a low front veranda to your home or boarding-house, crawl under it, after first saturating the floor above with gasoline and other greasy and ill-smelling substances that will leak through onto your face. Lie on your back under the floor where it leaks, and try to trim your finger nails with a dull monkey wrench, swearing loudly all the while. When you get out go to the police station and pay a fine. This procedure, accompanied by the wearing of a pair of fierce goggles, will make you feel like the real thing.—*Chicago News*.

A TRAVELER passing through a small country town noticed a post on which was marked the height to which the river had risen during a recent flood.

"Do you mean to say," he asked a native, "that the river rose as high as that in 19—?"

"Oh, no," replied the native; "but the village children used to rub off the original mark, so the mayor ordered it to be put higher up, so as to be out of their reach."—*Tit-Bits*.

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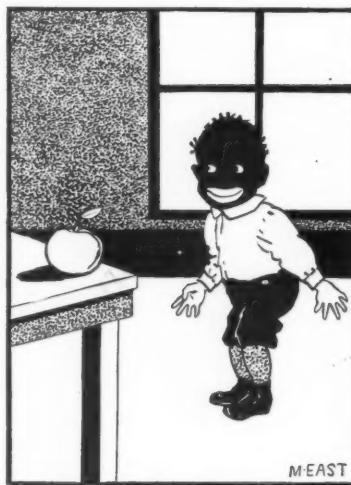
THE WRONG NUMBER

Patrick, lately over, was working in the yards of a railroad. One day he happened to be in the yard office when the force was out. The telephone rang very vigorously several times, and he at last decided it ought to be answered. He walked over to the instrument, took down the receiver and put his mouth to the transmitter, just as he had seen others do.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello!" answered the voice at the other end of the line. "Is this eight-six-one-five-nine?"

"Aw, g'wan! Phwat d'y'e think o' am—a box-car?"—*Harper's Monthly*.



THE APPLE AT ITS OLD GAME

HOW HE FELT

George Ade, automobiling in Indiana, dined at a country hotel among a roomful of ministers.

The ministers, who were holding a convention in the town, were much amused when Mr. Ade's identity was disclosed to them.

One of them said during dinner:

"How does a humorist of your stamp feel, sir, in such reverend company as this?"

"I feel," said Mr. Ade, promptly, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."—*New York Tribune*.

A LONG-LEGGED DEER

A huge, finely mounted antlered head hung just above the sideboard in the dining-room. This trophy of some huntsman's skill was fastened so firmly to the wall that the glistening neck seemed to be coming right out through the plaster. Robert, who was seeing this decoration for the first time, eyed it with lively curiosity and very evident uneasiness. It looked almost too life-like for comfort.

Finally the boy, asking to be excused, slipped from his chair, tiptoed into the next room, and then, flushing with embarrassment, returned to his place at the table.

"What's the trouble, Robert?" asked his host.

"I wanted to see," explained candid Robert, sheepishly, "if that animal's legs were really as long as that, or if he were standing on something in another room."—*Youth's Companion*.

MR. BRYAN is not altogether gratified with his description as the "world's greatest private citizen." There is a suggestion of permanency about it.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

A FEMININE CONTRADICTION

The American girl is a most interesting contradiction. She is regarded as the world's greatest representative of feminine freedom, and yet, at the root of her character she is the most prudish of girls. She makes the best friend for a man, and yet she is his worst lover. She cannot deny that she is a flirt, and yet she is at heart hard and selfish. She will do the most unconventional things, and yet in no part of the world is etiquette more insisted on than in American society.—*Madame*.

A SOCIETY which disseminates moral literature once sent a railway manager a large number of free tracts to place in the waiting-rooms. One was entitled "A Route to the New Jerusalem." The letter which the moral literature society received in reply declined the tracts. "We cannot place the tracts," wrote the manager, "as the N. J. is not on our system."—*Rochester Herald*.

NATURE'S PART

Two young women of a type which is by no means uncommon were gazing together upon the tranquil beauty of an English landscape.

"Oh, don't you *love* nature?" asked one, turning with clasped hands to her friend.

"Yes, indeed," was the response, in a tone of gratifying intensity. "It adds *so* much!"—*Youth's Companion*.

ICELAND can now be communicated with by cable. But why should any one want to do it?—*Cleveland Leader*.

MOST UNKINDEST CUT

With reference to the humors of country "society" reporting, Mr. Melville Stone, of the Associated Press, tells of the account of a wedding published in a Kansas paper.

The story, which described the marriage in the usual flowery adjectives, concluded with this surprising announcement:

"The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, together with many other beautiful things in cut glass."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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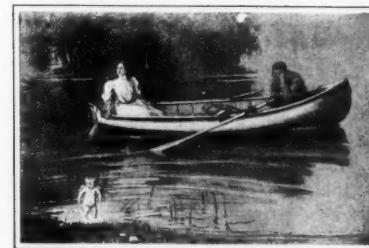
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THE DEMAND OF LABOR

It was formerly the custom of a paper mill in Massachusetts to pay the workers semimonthly; and, the operatives having found the practice somewhat inconvenient from their standpoint, it was decided to send a delegate to the head of the firm to state their grievance. An Irishman, rather well known for his sagacity and persuasive powers, was selected for the task. He duly waited on the "boss," who said: "Well, Michael, what can I do for you?"

"If ye please, sor," said Mike, "I've been sent as a diligate by the workers to ask a favor of ye regardin' the paymint of our wages."

"What do they want?"

"Sor, it is the desire of meself an' of ivery other man in the establishmint that we resaye our semimonthly pay every week."—*Lippincott's*.

HEALTH AND REST: NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

A MILITARY CAREER

"So you would like your baby when he grows up to enter the army. But suppose he does not develop any special ability for a military career?"

"Oh, but he's done that already. He has made himself quite familiar with the use of arms, and has led many a weary midnight march."—*Baltimore American*.

A DIFFERENT THING

TOWNE: Uncle Sam seems to show more backwardness about borrowing money from other nations than he used to.

BROWNE: Shouldn't say it was a case of "more backwardness" but "more reserve."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

NEED OF JUDICIAL ACTION

Crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne the other day on a sea that was more rough than pleasant were two well-known members of the legal profession, a judge and a barrister. The latter was suffering silently but sorely when the judge happened to drop against him as he leaned disconsolately over the rail.

"H'm! You don't seem quite at home here," remarked his lordship. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes," gasped the seasick lawyer. "I wish you would overrule this motion"—*London Taller*.

THE Rev. Dr. Brown, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, tells the story of a boy who saw an exceedingly bow-legged man standing in front of a hot fire. Finally, he could restrain himself no longer, and said: "Hey, mister, you'd better get away from there, you're warpin'."—*New York Tribune*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

Two men were sentenced by a self-appointed court to be hanged for horse stealing. The place selected for the execution was the middle of a trestle bridge spanning a river. The first noose was insecurely tied and the prisoner dropped into the river. He swam to shore and made good his escape. As they were adjusting the rope for the remaining prisoner, the latter drawled:

"Say, pards, make sure of that knot this time, will yer? 'Cause I can't swim."—*Everybody's*.

THE Czar is missing an opportunity by not going in for the government ownership of bombs.—*Toledo Blade*.

"OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass."

A PRINTER'S PRANKS

"I have played many a practical joke on writers in my time," said the veteran compositor. "My last joke was on a bishop. Studying the Russian revolution, he wrote from Moscow to a church paper a descriptive letter that ended:

"But I can write no more. The gorgeous domes of the city beckon me, and I go."

"I," said the veteran, with a loud laugh, "made 'domes' read 'dames'."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.



THE friends they
make, they keep—
that's the predominating
characteristic of

MURAD CIGARETTES

A Turkish Cigarette was never welcomed more eagerly, nor smoked more steadily. Their originality tempts; their richness satisfies.

"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"

10 for 15 Cents

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for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past twenty-seven years.

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Portland, Me.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
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Buffalo, N. Y.

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Toronto, Ont.,
Canada.
London, England.

"Time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue and improves"—

Evans' Ale

Clubs, cafes, hotels, restaurants and dealers

ORIENT CLARK'S NINTH ANNUAL CRUISE
Feb. 7, '07. 70 days, by chartered S. S.
"Arabic," 16,000 tons. Three Tours
Round the World.

FRANK C. CLARK, 96 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Sprinkling

"SWEETHEART, where is that soda siphon I put in the ice-box last night?" asked Younghub.

"Oh, dear!" cried the June bride. "Did you want that? I used it up this morning sprinkling the plants."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A TRAVELER in the Highlands observed, while at a tavern in a small village, a very beautiful collie. At his request the owner was pointed out to him, and he asked the man what he would take for the dog.

"Ye'll be taking him to America?" the Scot asked, cautiously.

"Certainly, if you will sell him to me."

"I no coul' part wie Rob," the dog's owner then said, emphatically. "I'm muckle fondlike o' him," and liberal offers were no inducements.

To his astonishment the traveler later saw the dog sold to a drover for half what he had offered, and, after the drover had disappeared, requested an explanation. "You said that you could not sell him," he remarked.

A twinkle came into the Highlander's eyes.

"No; I didna say I'd no sell him—I said I couldna part wie him," he said. "Rob'll be hame in two or three days fra no, but I couldna ask him to swim across the ocean. Na, that woul' be too muckle to ask!"—*Rochester Herald*.

Now for Simplified Talk

NERVOUS PORTER (*in single breath to stolid janitor*): S'pose yer don't 'appen ter know nobody wot ain't stoppin' 'ere wot ain't sent for no one not to move no luggage nor nothink, do yer?

JANITOR: Nope.—*London Sketch*.

Method in It

BUT why in the world did you want to elope, anyway?"

"Well, I was in hopes that her family would never forgive us."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.



Professional cooks use
Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
because no other seasoning
has the same fine,
rich flavor. John Duncan's Sons,
Agts., N. Y.

Underberg Boonekamp Bitters

The Best Bitter Liqueur.

Drink to the health of your friends in **Underberg Boonekamp Bitters** and improve your own. Taken before meals it gives a relish to food and aids digestion—always the same since 1846. Call for a "pony" at any first-class bar. Enjoyable as a cocktail and better for you. 6,000,000 bottles imported to the U. S.

At all Hotels, Clubs and Restaurants, or by the bottle at Wine Merchants and Grocers.

BOTTLED ONLY BY
H. Underberg Albrecht, Rheinberg, Germany

LUYTIES BROTHERS, Gen'l Agents
204 William Street, NEW YORK

Sharp Razors
or
Dull Razors—

it makes
no difference which,
provided you use



ED. PINAUD'S
LILAC VEGETAL

on your face after shaving.

It is the finish *par excellence* to every shave, and puts the user into good humor after shaving.

Get a bottle from any first-class druggist or department store.

A free trial bottle sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents to pay postage and packing.

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84-86-88-90 Fifth Ave., Dept. 87, New York

Dr. Sheffield's

Anti-Septic

Crème
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THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE
Used by the Elite of
the World Since 1850



Dr. Sheffield's
Tooth Powder put
up conveniently
for Tourists.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Park & Tilford have no general line of staple groceries or food delicacies to recommend of themselves. The best of the world, at lowest prices. Write for their complete price-list.

Broadway and Twenty-first Street
Broadway and Forty-first Street
Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street
Sixth Avenue near Ninth Street
Columbus Ave. & Seventy-second St
NEW YORK

Yet Figures Can't Lie

"I SUPPOSE you see a good many automobiles passing this way," said the touring statistician to the farmer.

"Oh, yes, a tolerably good number."

"Possibly a half-dozen a day?"

"Oh, more'n that, I reckon."

"As many as a dozen a day?"

"Waal, I guess some days I've seen as many as a dozen, but it ain't often."

"Well," persisted the tourist, "about how many do you figure you average a day?"

"Waal, I'll tell you," replied the farmer, thoughtfully stroking his chin, "the average varies!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

IT IS a prosy old world. The June bride is now putting up preserves.—*New York Evening Mail*.

A Sense of Security

"THERE is a whole lot to be said on both sides of the trust question."

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "That's the beauty of it. By the time it all gets said we'll have enough dividends laid by not to worry over the decision."—*Washington Star*.

ADY: Oh, those awful automobiles! It's simply terrible to read how an aged woman was killed by a car near Trouville yesterday.

CHAUFFEUR: My dear madam, if you read on a little further you will see that an automobilist was killed near Chateau Thierry. That makes things even.—*Rire*.

PA, WHAT is a Bohemian?"

"A man who'll let you share your last dollar with him, my boy."—*Pittsburg Post*.

The Educational System

A "school for wives" has been started in Cleveland. Who starts a school to teach fishes to swim?—*New York Evening Mail*.

Race Won by Three Inches

HOW an American machinery agent secured an order in Japan is related by the commercial agent of New South Wales in the Far East, as follows:

It was a question of some lathes for a large factory which was being started. They were required of a certain size. The agent for the British firm said: "That is three inches longer than they are made, and we can make no alteration." The American said: "I will make them to any size you like." The American secured the order.—*United States Consular Report*.

Oldest and Purest
Antediluvian
Rye Whiskey

*"A Little of the Best
is Best for You"*

Luyties Brothers
NEW YORK







HIS MASTER'S CHOICE IS A
Cluett
COAT SHIRT
MADE AS A CUSTOM SHIRTMAKER WOULD MAKE IT. IN WHITE AND COLOR-FAST FABRICS.
\$1.50 AND MORE
SEND FOR BOOK OF STYLES AND DEALER'S NAME.
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
Largest Makers of Collars and Shirts in the World.
467 River St., TROY, N. Y.

The Young Widow

SHE is modest, but not bashful;
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple—ripe and mellow;
Not too young, and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy;
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts;
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
O, a maid is sometimes charming;
But the widow all the while!

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become;
Are you angry? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb;
Are you mirthful? how her laughter,
Silver sounding, will ring out;
She can lure, and catch, and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

You old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bold and wise,
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love-locks in your eyes,
You may practice all your lessons,
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.
—Robert Josselyn, in *Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Where the mother's singing by-lo,
Be she "Yank" or Turk,
You can bet your life the HYLO
Lamp is getting in its work.

HYLO Electric Bulbs bring to the home all the luxury of modulated electric light. They are sold by all electricians on the "money-back" plan, or write THE PHELPS CO., 4 Rowland Street, Detroit, Mich.

He Felt Easier

NERVOUS PASSENGER (*during thunder-storm*): Ain't it dangerous to be on a street car when it's lightening so?

CALM PASSENGER: Not at all. You see, the motorman is a nonconductor.

And then the nervous one felt easier.—*Toledo Blade*.

"IS YOUR daughter starring this season, Mrs. Golightly?"

"No, poor girl, she's still just a member of the chorus. The Pittsburg millionaire she met last fall was foolish enough to let his mother get hold of him and pack him off to Europe before the papers had said anything."—*Chicago Record Herald*.

THE prize exhibit at the Paris toy show this time is a little red automobile that comes flying along at a frantic pace, a tire is suddenly perforated, the side slip brings the car against a tree, the occupants are tossed in the air and the miniature car is transformed into a heap of ruins. With three turns of a key all is brought into position again, ready for the next smash-up. How like the real thing!—*Boston Herald*.

CHINA'S new Constitution promises to be about as intelligible as her average laundry ticket.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

"INFALLIBLE" SMOKELESS

ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF

ALWAYS THE SAME UNDER ANY CONDITIONS



JOHN JAMESON THREE STAR WHISKEY

Distilled in Dublin, by the old, expensive method
of the pot-still.

No finer, purer Whiskey can be produced.

America's Best Underwear

The Sensible, Serviceable, Satisfactory,
Perfect Fitting, Popular Priced

Munsing Union Suits For Men, Women and Children

Union suits are the proper thing in underwear. Munsing suits are the kind that please the most fastidious. They are just what you have always wanted and never found in underwear. They will wash better, wear longer and give more real comfort and service than suits costing twice what we are obliged to ask. Send six cents in stamps for samples of fabric and style book.

The Northwestern Knitting Company
215 Lyndale Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



LIFE



Most Americans are connoisseurs in Cocktails—and a connoisseur's taste demands uniformity in the flavor, strength and mixing of his favorite drink. There's only one kind of uniformly good cocktail—CLUB COCKTAILS. Bar cocktails are slap-dash guess-work—good by accident, bad by rule—but never smooth or uniform to a cultivated taste. CLUB COCKTAILS are scientifically blended from choicest liquors, aged and mellowed to a delicious flavor and aroma. Insist on CLUB.

Seven Varieties—Each One Perfect
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WE deal in all kinds of undivided estate interests, including testate or contingent remainder interests subject to life estate or payable at some future, fixed period. We purchase or arrange advances upon the security of such interests upon moderate terms and at legal interest.

Our facilities for handling such proposals are adequate for any requirement.



Mr. Dooley on the Printed Word

“TH’ PRINTED wurrud! What can I do against it? I can buy a gun to protect me against me inimy. I can change me name to save me fr’m th’ gran’ jury. But there’s no escape fr’ good man or bad fr’m th’ printed wurrud. It follows me wheriver I go an’ strikes me down in church, in me office, in me very home. There was me frind, Jawn D. Three years ago he seemed insured against punishment ayether here or hereafter. A happy man, a religious man. He had squared th’ ligislachures, th’ coorts, th’ pollyticians an’ th’ Baptist clargy. He saw th’ dollars hoppin’ out iv ivy lamp chimbley in th’ wurruld an’ hurryin’ to’rd him. His heart was pure seein’ that he had never done wrong save in th’ way iv business. His head was hairless but unbowed. Ivry Mondah mornin’ I read iv him leadin’ a chorus iv ‘Onward Christyan sogers marchin’ fr’r th’ stuff.’ He was at peace with th’ wurruld, th’ flesh an’ th’ divile. A good man! What cud harm him? An’ so it seemed he might pro-ceed to th’ grave whin, lo an’ behold, up in his path leaps a lady with a pen in hand an’ off goes Jawn D. fr’r th’ tall timbers. A lady, mind ye, dips a pen into an inkwell! there’s an explosion an’ what’s left iv Jawn D. an’ his power wudden’t frighten crows away fr’m a corn field. Who’s afraid iv Rockyfeller now? Th’ Prisidint hits him a kick, a country grand jury indicts him, a golif caddy overcharges him an’ whin he come back fr’m Europe he has as many polismen to meet him on th’ pier as Doc Owens. A year ago, anybody wud take his money. Now if he wanted to give it even to Chancellor Day he’d have to meet him in a barn at midnight.”—P. F. Dunne in *American Magazine* for October.

SENATOR EDWARD WOLCOTT had a more genial view of William McKinley than is expressed by John S. Wise in his recent book, notwithstanding the somber disappointment in his tone. “I go into the White House,” said he to a friend in the Senate, “for some of the luscious fruit of patronage hanging on its inner walls. The gracious gardener receives me so sweetly that I go away satiated with the rich odors of the things I seek, and it is only when I see you and other friends of the Administration that I realize—so sadly—that the fruit itself is hanging there still.”—*Harper’s Weekly*.

Weepy

“IT IS strange how some people cry at weddings.”

“Yes, but you’ve probably noticed that it’s never the single people who cry.”

“Well?”

“Well, it is only the married ones who realize the tragedy of it.”—*Houston Post*.

For Such a Bad Job

“YES, sir, I can say that I am a self-made man.”

“Heavens! how you must suffer from remorse.”—*Boston Transcript*.

CHARTREUSE

vs.

LIQUEUR PERES CHARTREUX

Translation from “Le Matin,” Paris, June 28, 1906

“The trade-marks of the cordials and products of the Grande Chartreuse, of which the Chartreuse Fathers have been unjustly despoiled by the law of 1901, will be put up for sale at public auction before the court of Grenoble on Saturday, June 30, 1906.

“We learn from an absolutely reliable source that the Chartreuse Fathers will not be parties, either directly or indirectly, to this sale, but on the contrary they positively refuse to give anybody authority to acquire these trade-marks, for which they maintain all their rights.

“What matters, to them, anyhow, a *bottle* and a *label* apart from the product which has made for them a long standing reputation?

“Everybody knows that the Chartreuse Fathers continue to manufacture the cordial, for which they alone hold the secret, at Tarragona, Spain.”

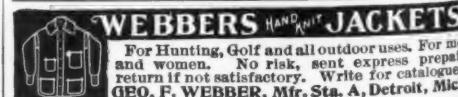
The above translation will be of interest to many of our readers, who are doubtless familiar with the published reports of the action taken by the French Government a little more than two years ago, whereby the monks of La Grande Chartreuse, who for three hundred years or more have distilled that well-known liqueur, were ruthlessly dismissed from the country, the Government confiscating their bottles, labels and trade-marks, for the purpose of carrying on the manufacture of what it has been pleased to call “Chartreuse.”

Unfortunately, however, neither the state official liquidator, nor the state itself, or anybody in the state, could obtain the mighty secret for the preparation of this “Nectar of the Gods” by any possible means, and the authorities soon grew very tired of a fruitless effort to produce and sell a satisfactory imitation of the celebrated cordial, which accounts for the final disposal of the trade-marks at public auction, as referred to by the “Paris Matin.” According to reports published in later French papers, the Monks did not even offer to bid at the sale.

These trade-marks, which give the purchaser the privilege of the use of the name “Chartreuse” and enable him, under protest of the original owners, to put up something which masquerades under the guise of the genuine article, were sold by the French Government at so ridiculously low a price as to afford all the evidence necessary (if any evidence were needed) of the fact that the trade-marks themselves, *without the great secret of manufacture*, are practically worthless.

A continued use of the bottle and label by the purchaser, whoever he may be, does not by any means insure the contents as being genuine, or even remotely similar to the liqueur which for centuries has given reputation and renown to the monks who make it.

Meanwhile the monks of the Grande Chartreuse having, perforce, bequeathed their bottles, labels and trade-marks to France, immediately left their monastery among the rugged rocks of Grenoble, and taking their secret with them, established themselves permanently at Tarragona, Spain, where they continue to make and to sell to all civilized nations this most delectable essence of flowers, herbs, fruits and spices to be known henceforth and forever as “Liqueur Peres Chartreux.”



OLD CROW RYE STRAIGHT WHISKEY

H. B. KIRK & CO.
SOLE BOTTLED, NEW YORK

A Plea for the Dictionary

O ROOSEVELT, spare that book,
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it succored me,
And I'll protect it now.

I sat upon its pile
At table when I ate;
So came within my reach
The dainties of each plate.

I sat upon it, grown,
Where letters' feast was spread;
So came within my grasp
Strong Shakespeare's meat and bread.

So prithee cut it not,
Nor its dimensions carve,
For were its bulk reduced
We all of us would starve.

—New York Sun.

Some One Had Blundered

A EDITOR said of the late Mrs. Craigie, or John Oliver Hobbes, as the brilliant American novelist was known:

"I had the honor of dining with Mrs. Craigie during the London season at her beautiful house in Lancaster Gate. She lived there in great luxury with her father, who is a millionaire chemist. Across the street dwells the Earl of Meath, the Marquis of Ailsa lives a few doors above, while next door is the mansion of the Earl of Dunmore, a Scottish peer, whose servants all wear the Highland costume, with the kilt, plaid and bare knees.

"Mrs. Craigie was a superb mimic. Mimicry, as she had mastered it, is one of the fine arts. I remember well, that night at dinner, how she mimicked a silly, empty-headed little lady whose husband, a lover of gaiety, was inclined to neglect his wife.

"Mrs. Craigie told us that this lady, while spending the winter in the country, said one day at the country post-office:

"Dear me, what a silly mistake you post-office people have made."

"How, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Why," she explained, with a titter, "here I have just gotten a letter from my husband, who is working hard in London, and the envelope is postmarked Monte Carlo."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

CUSTOMER (to waiter): I thought I told you to boil the eggs for four minutes. Here you have been twelve minutes at it.

WAITER: But you ordered three eggs, sir.—*Bon Vivant.*

SPENCERIAN
STEEL PENS

Made of the best steel by expert hand workers. Noted for durability, evenness of point, and uniformity.

Every Spencerian Pen perfect. No seconds. There's a Spencerian Pen made for every style of writing. There is one made for YOU.

Sample card of 12 pens, different patterns, sent upon receipt of 6 cents in postage.

Spencerian Pen Co., 349 Broadway, New York

Makaroff Russian Cigarettes

Made by Connoisseurs—for Connoisseurs—sold on merit alone—these cigarettes are now the choice of those who discriminate.



facturer afterward. I started the sale strictly because that was the only way to be sure that my friends and myself were going to be supplied with them regularly. If you know anything about the uncertainties of importing from Russia, you know I speak facts.

I am now extending the sale of Makaroff Russian Cigarettes to my other friends—the ones I haven't seen, but who are my friends just the same, because they like the good things of life as I do.

Nearly every box of Makaroff Russian Cigarettes discovers one of these friends for me. I seldom fail to get a hearty handshake by return mail. The friends I get I keep. That's why I can afford to take all the risk of pleasing you, and *I do it.* Makaroff Russian Cigarettes are offered to connoisseurs (another name for cranks) on the basis of smoking quality alone. They have got to please you, as a particular smoker, better than anything you have ever smoked before, or I don't want a cent. They are made of pure, clean, sweet tobacco, the finest and highest priced Russian and Turkish growths blended scientifically by our own Russian blenders. The Russians are the only *real artists* at cigarette blending—don't forget that.

These cigarettes are blended, made and aged as old wines are by men with traditions of quality to live up to—men who have spent their lives at it and who have generations of experience back of them.

Every cigarette is made by hand. Every one is inspected before packing. I pass personally on the smoking quality of every lot of tobacco blended. We use the thinnest paper ever put on a cigarette.

Note this particularly—it's a big point. These cigarettes will leave in your office or apartments *no trace* of the odor usually associated with cigarettes. I defy anybody who approves the odor of any good smoke to object to the odor of these cigarettes. (You know what the usual cigarette odor is like.)

Another thing—you can smoke these cigarettes day in and day out without any of that nervousness or ill feeling which most smokers are familiar with as a result of ordinary cigarette smoking. This is straight talk and I mean it. These cigarettes won't hurt you and you owe it to yourself to find it out for yourself.

The cigarettes are packed in cedar boxes, one hundred to the box—done up like the finest cigars.

Procrastination is not one of the virtues.

Inertia never got you anything.

Caution is a good thing, I'll admit, but you can't smoke it. So long as I am taking ALL the chances, why not send in the coupon

NOW!

need not trouble to return any of the cigarettes. I will take my chances on your giving any you don't want to some one who *will* like them and who *will* order more.

I knew that American connoisseurs would be quick to follow Europeans in recognizing the absolute superiority in smoking quality of Russian Cigarettes. My sales prove it.

If you wish to enjoy cigarettes at their best, without injury to your health, to your own sense of refinement or that of your friends, tear out the coupon now, and get acquainted with *real* cigarette quality.

Special to Dealers

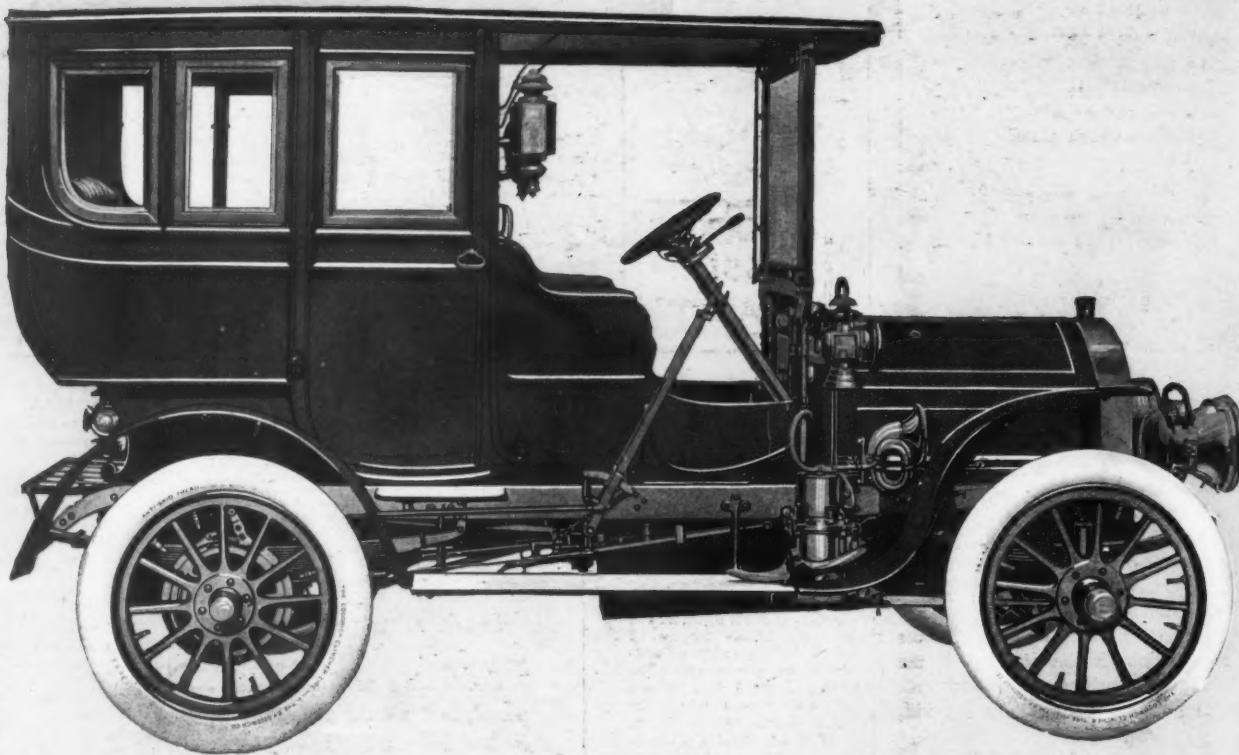
I am spending a large appropriation each month in magazine advertising to introduce these cigarettes. I want one *first-class* dealer in every town of importance as distributor, and to such I can turn over a good business, established and growing. Write me.

THE MAKAROFF COMPANY OF AMERICA

(G. NELSON DOUGLAS)

95 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS. SUITE 84

Draw a circle around the price indicating your selection	
CZAREVITCH SIZE Three Values	\$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00 per 100
CZAR SIZE Three Values	\$2.50, \$4.00, \$6.00 per 100
Above blends also made in ladies size. Prices on application	
Find enclosed remittance for \$.....	
in favor of G. Nelson Douglas for which	
please send me, prepaid, hundred	
cigarettes of size and value indicated	
hereon.	
Name.....	
P. O.	



The Pierce Great Arrow Suburban

Four Cylinder. 28-32 H. P., \$5,000; 40-45 H. P., \$6,250

THE PIERCE SUBURBAN is a development of the Pierce Arrow. In the chassis of the Pierce Arrow, American conditions for successful automobile construction were intelligently grasped and competently met. The result was a touring car for American men to be driven over American roads a greater number of miles with fewer adjustments and repairs than any other car.

The Pierce Suburban is the Pierce Great Arrow Chassis with enclosed body. This car meets the dual want of the average American car-owner—a dependable touring car and a luxurious city carriage in one and the same automobile.

THE GEORGE N. PIERCE COMPANY

BUFFALO, N. Y.

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